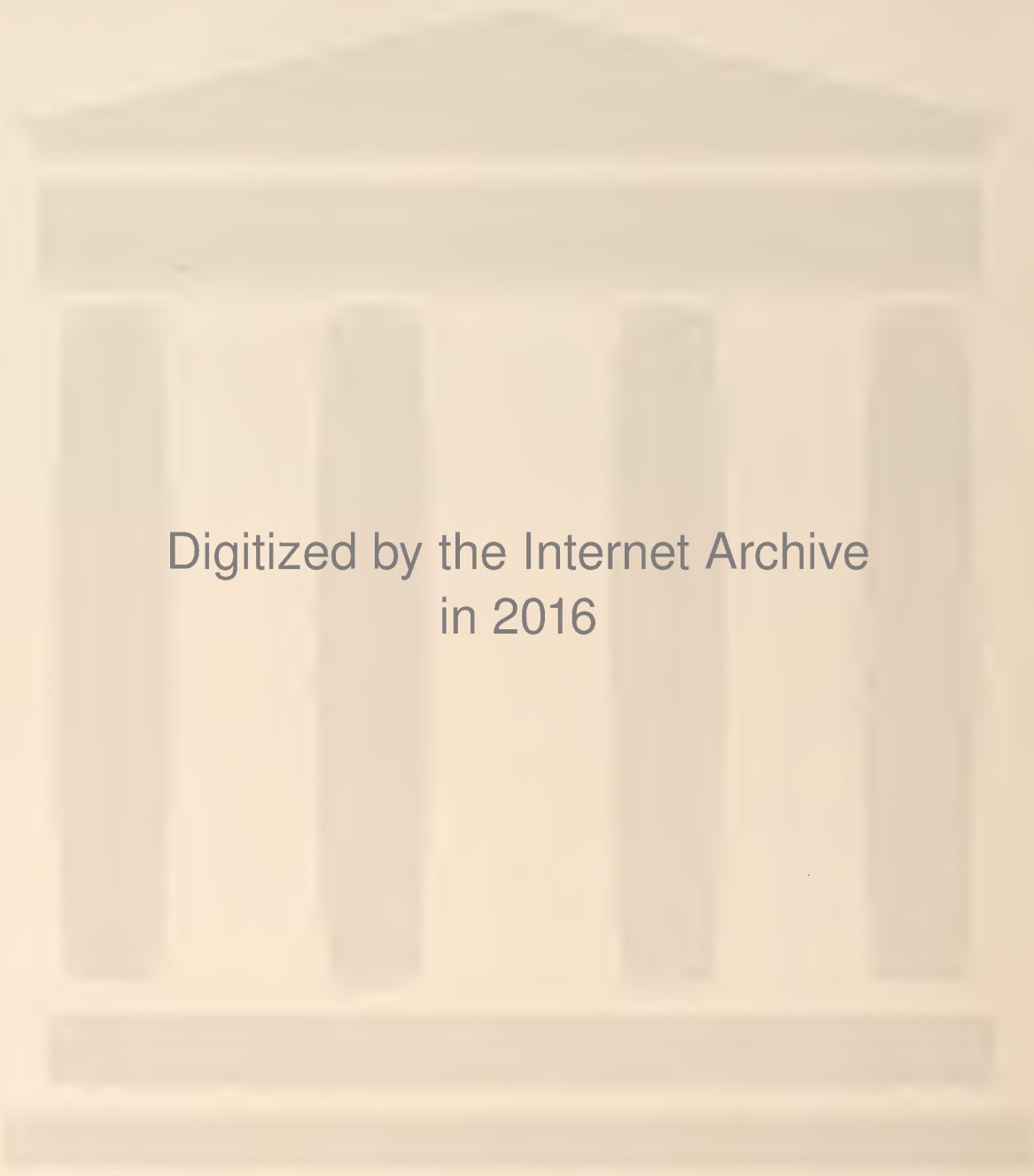


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February 1953

Price 25 cents

THE BETHLEHEMITE

EMPLOYEES
ENTRANCE

Issue of the Lehigh Burr

LEHEM
EEL





“Wish I’d
had this
40 years ago”

N*o use wishing!* This man, like countless others, was born a bit too soon. The best he can do is to start right now to Bost-clean those tobacco-stained teeth of his.

Now think of yourself. If your teeth show any dingy discoloration, get right at them. Don’t waste a day. Bost for yours. And won’t you bless the day that Dr. Bost started on his quest for a new and different dentifrice that would really be the smoker’s friend.

If your teeth still are in perfect condition—keep ’em that way. Give them a Bost brushing three times a day. Bost uses an innocent oil to *dissolve* stain from your teeth. It has no abrasives of any kind. Its action is dental—its effect amazing. Try it, why don’t you? There’s nothing like it. You’ll like two things—the way your teeth look and the way your mouth tastes. Use the coupon.



You make
this test

BOST TOOTH PASTE
Removes Discoloration

The Smoker’s Friend

MAIL THIS COUPON

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Send 10 cents for week’s supply to Bost, Inc., Dept. H,
9 East 40th Street, New York.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

MY DRUGGIST IS.....



BETHLEMITÉ ISSUE



THE LEHIGH BURR

Vol. XLVII

February, 1933

No. 6

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STERN

We think the Brown and White is a dandy newspaper, but why doesn't Eddie, that notorious columnist, be a little more charitable. We know that it was you who first conceived of Agnes, Eddie, and that she never existed before, but why be so greedy with her? Let us have her a while. We even feel that you and Aggie might make a pretty good couple, Eddie.

—Burro.

GALLANT FOX CLUB

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A GOOD PLACE TO DINE

Lunch, \$1.00

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Open 12 noon - 1 a. m.

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Freshly laundered towels, also a freshly sterilized comb and brush used upon each customer.

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TO FIT THE TIMES

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Where Style and Quality are always linked
with Moderate Prices

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Fourth and Broadway
310 W. Broad Street
Broad and Main Streets

SOCIETY NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. J. Whiffle Lowerlip have returned from a short sojourn in Catasauqua where they spent a pleasant six weeks visiting with Mrs. Lowerlip's folks who live on Main St., of that place. It has been rumored about that Mrs. Lowerlip's mother got tired of the way J. Whiffle was carrying on with the maid.

ooo

Mrs. Otto Snittlebaum entertained for her daughter Agnes last Saturday night by giving a candy shower for Agnes' little friends. The party was a huge success, Mrs. Snittlebaum stating later that only two beers pitchers were broken. Agnes was dressed in a flowing chemise of blue taffeta and organdie, trimmed with rare old lace at the bottom. Those present were Mary Slovak, Mary Firnberg, Alice Trotzelick, Sally Kleczec, Ethel Zwick-itz, Joe Herring, Michael Slovak, Emil Conotzerick, Joe Swula, Rudy Sosna and Cliff Harrison. A good time was had by all.

ooo

The dance at the Church was carried off with the usual good time last Friday. More of the debs and sub-debs with their beaux were there than is usual. These extra babes were given the rush for a while, but they turned out to be the same old stuff.

ooo

The Sigma Phis entertained the Tau Delts at tea the other afternoon at the Place. Everybody seemed to be having a good enough sort of a time although the atmosphere was kind of strained, and one Tau Delt ate fourteen cookies and hadda go home, which didn't help any. T. Barleyman and Willie Rodes did the pouring. Hursh-burg of the Tau Delts offered several interpretive dances.

ooo

CHIT-CHAT: I have it on first hand information that a certain young Mr. C—— is that way about a certain Miss L—— which will be interesting news for a certain B——a young local businessman has been contributing most of the needlework for the Hellertown United Brethren bazaar next week.....a certain Mrs. R—— has kept us well supplied with sidelights on the nuptial arrangements of Dr. A—— and his bride-to-be.....How is it that the scandal about Miss G—— got around town so quickly?.....well, so long till I take in a couple of more parties.

—X. Y. Z.

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Sanders-Reinhardt

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Ueata Lunch

Wilbur Trust Company

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Heirloom or not— give it the Air!



WHEN she told him to throw that reeking relic in the rubbish can, he was offended. Sensitive? Pooh! Not as sensitive as grandma's nose. Let's be brutally outspoken. Why should a man keep on smoking a pipe through sentiment, when it's full of sediment?

When you smoke mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe, *everybody's* happy, yourself included! We never heard anything but compliments about the smoke Sir Walter Raleigh's mild Burley mixture makes when it curls merrily from the bowl of a well-behaved briar. It is smooth and fragrant, yet full bodied, rich and satisfying; and it's kept fresh by gold foil. Its record of popularity alone makes it worth a trial next time you step into your tobacco store.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-32



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

THE TALE OF AN ELEPHANT

A small traveling circus went broke while showing in a little town in Eastern Pennsylvania. This circus had a troupe of trained elephants, ranging in sizes from a baby up to the largest elephant in the world and the old showman who owned the circus was as proud of this big elephant as if it had been his own child. He had often turned down enormous amounts of money offered by other circus men who wanted to buy the monstrous creature, but the old circus man had never dreamed of selling his pet until this financial disaster fell upon him. After days and nights of heart-rending thought, the old man finally decided to sell his pet to a local auto dealer who wanted to use it for advertising purposes.

Still retaining the showman spirit, the old man prepared to deliver his pet to its owner in a triumphant and colorful parade. So, he lined up all his elephants, the smallest in the lead and the bigger ones in their respective places; each holding in his trunk, the tail of the one ahead. The line of elephants, followed by the wagons, the side-show riders, and the band, marched across the town.

As the parade passed over the railroad tracks which ran through the town, a train came roaring along and hit the biggest elephant, killing him instantly and derauling the train. The old showman was furious and when the adjuster from the insurance company came on the scene, the old man demanded fifty thousand dollars damages. The adjuster looked worried for a minute and finally said:

"My dear man; I realize that that elephant was the biggest one in the world, but I can hardly believe that it was worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Biggest elephant hell!" snapped the old man, "I'm not hollering about the big one. I just sold him, but your damned old train pulled the tails out of nine other elephants." HEY RUBE!!!

—BURR—

Curious old lady—Why you've lost your leg, haven't you?

Cripple—Well, damned if I haven't.

—Kitty Kat.

Seated around the dinner table were young Bobbie, his father and mother, and the handsome artist who lived next door. During a lull in the conversation the artist inquired:

"Whom do you like best, Bobbie?"

"Mother," replied the son proudly.

"And after Mother?"

"Father."

"And after Father?"

"Teacher."

"Well," finally inquired the artist, "when do I come in?"

"After Daddy goes to work," quoth Bobbie.

—The Log.

—BURR—

A large group of tourists from many nations stood in the quiet warmth of an Italian sunset and watched the dreaded volcano, Vesuvius, in full eruption.

Remarked a cock New Yorker. "Now, ain't that just like hell?"

An astounded Frenchman exclaimed indignantly: "Oh, zese Americans! Where have zey not been?"

—The Skipper.

Wife: "Do you realize that twenty-five years ago today we became engaged?"

Absent-Minded Professor: "Twenty-five years. You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married."

—Orange Peel.

—BURR—

We hear with sympathy of the hospital patient who was sick for so long that every time someone knocked he would call, "Friend or enema?"

—Phoenix.

—BURR—

"Dear teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack Tommy. He is a delicate child, and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."

—Log.

Pay for 1 Room . . . Live in 9!

Different.....individual.....thoroughly of New York.....utterly unlike any other mode of living, the Allerton Houses offer the ideal combination of home and club life.

Here are the fellowship and facilities of the finest club..... rest and reading rooms, gymnasia, game rooms, solaria, dances.....and at rates adjusted to present day, common sense standards. You share all these privileges—pay only for your room!

The locations were selected with extreme care for convenience, accessibility and desirability. You live in the restricted East Side district, where you can stroll in comfort to midtown business and social activities.

If you desire to maintain a high standard of living, without maintaining high expenses, find out today what the Allertons have for you.

Inspect the Allertons. Note their advantages. Discover for yourself the economy and desirability of Allerton living.

Rates \$10 to \$22 Weekly

ALLERTON CLUB RESIDENCES IN NEW YORK



FOR MEN and WOMEN

38th ST. & MADISON AVE.
Fraternity Clubs Building Caledonia 5-3700
Luncheon, 65c and 75c; Dinner, 75c and \$1.00
Also Ala Carte
143 East 39th STREET
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FOR MEN

302 WEST 22nd STREET
Chelsea 3-6454

FOR WOMEN

130 EAST 57th STREET
At Lexington Ave. Plaza 3-8841
Rates — \$12 to \$22
Luncheon, 50c; Dinner, 75c and \$1.00



Opposite the new
Waldorf Astoria

THE SHELTON

Home of the famous swimming pool-
at 49th and Lexington NEW YORK

Fair Prices

Our appeal for more guests at the Shelton is not because our prices are so much lower than at other hotels; our desire is to portray the advantages not obtainable at other houses; also to quicken the aspirations of young people to a better and more satisfying way of living. The atmosphere of the Shelton is homelike; also it answers the demand for respectability which our permanent guests regard as of utmost importance. Room from \$2.50 per day and \$50.00 per month upward.

Special Offer

Combination Dinner and Swim \$1.50—
available to both women and men
(suits free).



Club features (free to guests): Swimming pool; gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium; library and lounge rooms. Also bowling; squash courts and cafeteria.

REASONABLE PRICES

Dean: Where are your parents?
Co-ed: I have none.
Dean: Where are your guardians?
Co-ed: I have none.
Dean: Then where are your supporters?
Co-ed: Sir! You are forgetting yourself!
—Longhorn.

—BURR—

She had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.

"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a foul-smelling beast."

"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really insist on respect."

—Drexel.

—BURR—

Girls who blush at jokes risque
Know the meanings anyway.
Girls who offer no resistance
Lead an awfully nice existence.

—Judge.

—BURR—

Wife: "Henry, where are your shorts? You had them on when you left this morning for the office!"

Sig Chi: "My God, I've been robbed!"

—Kitty-Kat.

—BURR—

Telephone voice (at three a. m.)—Are you a bookkeeper?

Sleeping bookkeeper—Yes.

Voice—Well, this is the Public Library. See that you get them back tomorrow.

—Lyre.

—BURR—

"His honor is at stake," admonished the judge's butler to the caller during dinner.

—Lyre.

The BETHLEHITE ISSUE OF THE LEHIGH BURR

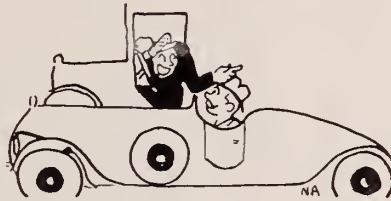
Notes and Comment

THREE prominent seniors, accompanied by a blithe freshman were wending their way back to the campus after an early movie one evening last week, when they saw something which gave them food for reflection. One of the fair foreign inhabitants of Bethlehem had paused in front of O'Reilly's to nurse an infant she was carrying. After a short, whispered consultation, the freshman unwillingly sidled up to the young lady, removed his dink and said, "Madame, don't you think it would be better if you stepped into one of these stores while you nursed your child? It



seems you're attracting considerable attention." The insulted matron turned and eyed the freshman witheringly and began, "Listen here you little —, you think because you go to school you everyone. I feed my kids before you born, and I feed my kids where I damn please, and you gettohelloutaherebefore I pull you hair out!" Just then the baby who had been suckling during this outburst lifted his little head, looked about him with a bewildered gaze in his blue eyes and lisped, "Yeah, and dat goes fer me too."

STOPPED at a traffic light at the corner of New and Fourth streets were, side by side, a truck, and a roadster containing a rather repressed looking middle aged gentleman. As they waited for the light to change, both happened to glance over at the street corner



opposite, where a personable young lady was evidently waiting for a trolley car or something. She returned the glances with interest, but the changing lights just then started the line of cars moving again. At the next light the truck and the roadster drew up side by side again. Both men looked straight ahead for a while, then the truck driver bent over and confidently whispered into the ear of the very dignified gentleman, "Ya know, buddy, I think you could a made that dame."



COMMUNISM is gaining vogue even in the retired and un-reactionary Lehigh Valley. Re-

ports have been coming in about a strange three — seen occasionally in the resorts of the middle classes about Bethlehem. The explanation but recently has been brought to light. A Freshman three years ago met up with a charming young lady with whom he became quite familiar. He saw her all through his first year, and vacation time saw him bidding her adieu rather than farewell. On his return he was surprised to find that she had improved her time by getting married. But that, she assured him, was all right. She had told her husband all about him and he had not minded a bit. And so the young man continued to escort her hither and yon. But



occasionally, when the husband has nothing to do of an evening, he accepts the student's standing invitation, and accompanies the happy pair in their search for amusement. Stalin himself could do no better.

IN a small beer joint on the North Side, two young ladies were seated, recuperating from the day's labors, and seeking diversion by telling each other of their recent dates. One of the two

had evidently been flying high, for her tales were all of fraternity dances, expeditions to the more exclusive dancing places, trips to matinees in Philadelphia, and the like. As she talked her companion became less believing and more apt to express her disbelief. When the first young lady had progressed to telling about Fall Houseparty and how the Senior Class president had shared her attentions with the captain of the football team, the atmosphere grew tense. "And then," continued the boastful young lady, "the captain of the wrestling team came up and introduced me to the most gorgeous looking man, and who do you think it was?" "I know," cut in her listener, "God!"

—BURR—

A STUDENT who happened to be walking behind a very intoxicated gentleman soon found himself engrossed in watching that gentleman's futile attempts to light a cigar butt he was trying to smoke. After a book of matches had been consumed, the student gallantly stepped forward and held a lit match to the end of the cigar. The drunk puffed a couple of times, then turning, he beamed at the youth benevolently and oracularly said, "Boy, be good and you'll be happy!" He proceeded down the street a few steps, and then as an afterthought he called back, "But you may be awful lonesome some times," and continued along his carefree way.

AN abnormally tall gentleman was seen recently in front of the E. P. Wilbur bank, brought to bay by a mob of the urchins who frequent the street. The children were having a grand time shouting the immemorial query, "How's the air up there?" The pursued

did nothing but try to look unconscious of his youthful admirers for a time, but finally he could no longer stand it. Turning to the most persistent of the little boys, he said, with that familiar Penn. Dutch intonation, "What'd you say?" The boy, delighted at being singled out, stood up on his toes, took a deep breath, and at the top of his lungs shouted, "I said, how's the air up there?" The tall man contemplated him thoughtfully for a while. Then he calmly bent over, caught him in the middle of his chest, drew in his breath and spat at the boy, "It's raining," and strolled off down the street.

WHAT YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES ARE DOING

Gracie Smultz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Q. Smultz of Raspberry St., has returned from her studies at Rittersville where she is learning to be herself again, to spend a week-end with her parents.

ooo

The Rev. Carl Dippo, who conducted a three-week series of holy roller meetings on the vacant lot beside Jim Perkins Feed Store, has moved along to new headquarters elsewhere. His departure was at the suggestion of the local police.

ooo

Mayor Piffel spent the week-end in Hellertown with friends.

ooo

George R. Gipp, former teller in the Fifth National Bank of this city, has departed for San Quentin for an extended visit with his Uncle Sam.

ooo

The Society for the Prevention of Radio Speeches in the Interest of Bronchial Trouble Cures will hold their regular weekly meeting this Thursday at the second phone booth from the rear in the American Hotel on Broad St. Several good papers will be read by Mrs. Smith if she can keep her specs on her nose, and it is urged that all members be present. A delegate will be elected to attend the national convention.

BET'LEHEM BLUES

"Was willst du haben?"
The barmaid sighed.
"A bucket of grog!"
The sailor cried.
"I'm sorry mug,"
She answered back.
"There ain't no bucket
In this shack."
"O. K. babe,
That jug'll do,
And mix me up
An alki stew.
I ain't had a smell
Since we blew Shanghai,
And holy hell
Me hatch is dry."
"I'll fix ya up,"
The frau replied.
"This rum's been here
Since Adam died.
What kinda juice
For in your stew?
They's scotch and rye
And apple too."
"I'll take the woiks,"
The tar replied.
"I always likes
Me varnish wide."
He downed the woiks
And smacked his lips.
"It's rot like that
They needs on ships.
I ain't had such
For thoity years."
And with these words
He shed some tears.
He pinned his eyes
To the ceiling and said,
"For thoity years
I've sailed the seas,
In sun and storm,
And wintry breeze.
I've tasted beer
In every land,
I even grogged
With Schultz's band.
But it makes me sad
To think of Sally,
And the stuff we sopped
In the Lehigh Valley."

Freddie Trafford
 Once wet his quill
 With blue Stafford,
 Wrote: no more, will
 Sons of Lehigh
 With cars be able
 To give the eye
 To dear Mabel
 While on the span
 From hill to hill
 And think he can,
 When e'er he will,
 Let ride his tin
 Beneath the moon
 And then to sin
 For all too soon
 He'd better do
 To be thrifty.
 For fifty-two
 Dollars fifty
 Cents he shall pay
 To this Almighty on judgement
 day.

—BURR—

NEWS ITEM—

Several Lehigh freshmen spent Wednesday night in Allentown trying to scare up a used wooden leg, a pair of step-ins, and an unbaked brick. They were successful in obtaining everything except the used wooden leg and the unbaked brick.

—BURR—

Tourist, at Bethlehem street crossing—This seems to be a very dangerous place. It's a wonder they don't put up a warning sign.

Native Bethlehemite—Yes, it is. We kept a warning up there for two years, but nobody was hurt so it was taken down.

—BURR—

A prominent Bethlehem business concern posted the following notice:

Any workman desiring to attend the funeral of a near relative must notify the foreman before 9 o'clock on the day of the game.



**OH PROFESSOR HAVELOCK, TELL JOHN
 ABOUT YOUR NEW BOOK ON INCEST,
 HE'S SIMPLY WILD ABOUT BUGS.**

A GHOST STORY

Bethlehem is famous for its haunted houses. The old ghostly traditions of weird places are handed down from year to year, and a fear of the specters that haunt deserted, empty places is felt by all who know the power of evil spirits.

Last night at twelve o'clock a man rushed madly out of the darkness. He was pale and trembling with fright. He clutched at my coat, and gasped, "My God, it's haunted. Look there—a ghost!"

The frightened man was right. A swift, cold shiver ran down my back. It was a weird and ungodly sight. There was a light in the office building of the Bethlehem Steel.



BETHLEHEM GOES ROMANTIC

When the sun has hid his countenance in meditation and the moon is shedding its radiance, calling forth romance, I shall come to you, my love—so be sure to have plenty of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut between the hands of pinochle.

* * *

And speaking of local stuff, are you, friend reader aware that Cedarcrest has come back stronger than ever? I understand there is being considered a plan to move the resort in question to Bethlehem perhaps even to merge with Flehigh, in order to save the boys of that institution gas, taxis, trolleys, and U-Push-It expenses. O.K., Moravian, you had better look to your laurels.

—BURR—

France has its Versailles,
Monte Carlo is pretty nifty--
Should you ever come to Bethlehem
Be sure to bring Fifty-two fifty.

QUOTE FIFTEEN HUNDRED

Those finals certainly gave me a close shave--just skinned three--I'm sure lucky to be in school. Never again will I let things slip by; Stick with it all along. Take this Advanced Chem for instance. Keeping right up to date, gonna prepare for tomorrow right now--Uh hello Aggie. O well!

—BURR—

Diary of a Young Mountaineer

Monday:-Snowing hard got gun for birthday

Tuesday:-Still snowing

Wednesday:-Still snowing

Thursday:-Still snowing

Friday:-Still snowing shot grandma wont the
snow ever stop

One examination question in the class in agriculture was:

Name four different kinds of sheep.

After much thought one of our brilliant engineers wrote down — Black sheep, white sheep, Mary's lamb, and hydraulic ram.

—BURR—

The Central Railroad's express from New York was on time last week. The station agent explains that we haven't had a good strong easterly wind in years.

—BURR—

BETHLEHEM

Bethlehem is quite the model town,
as everyone may readily see.
A place where students gather 'round,
to drink their beer 'til they cannot see.

Bethlehem, where the women scrub the street,
and men sit home and roast their feet.
Where the daughters rush from either ridge,
to make a show and parade the bridge.

Bethlehem, the city of smoke and steel,
where girls and gin never lose appeal.
Where Trafford rules with a judicial frown,
and laughs up his sleeve at the White and Brown.

A place where all the stop signs go for naught,
and every thing but a police station can be bought.
A city of one continuous carousal,
with nary a fear of a rude arousal.

A town which causes students to snap their fingers
at classes,
and run down the street to clink a few glasses.
A place where professors and students meet,
to see which one can most properly be beat.

Bethlehem, where sidewalks come in at nine,
and no girl will ever need to pine,
A place a man gains all to which he aspires,
a city where Lehigh appeases its varied desires.

Bethlehem, where many homes are filled with tragedy,
and many a scene is loud with raucous comedy,
All in all, it's really a very jolly place,
and leaving it is always difficult to face.

C'est La Vie!

Let the scene be the Hill to Hill bridge about 7 o'clock, although it really doesn't matter. An old Ford rattles up—stalls of its own volition for the stop sign and then gallops madly on.

"Hey, Joe, there're two down at the other end."

"Okay, we're in luck." Rattle-Rattle, Lurch-Lurch.

"Yoo-hoo—Whatta ya say ba——, aw, they're old women."

"Let's turn around, There's nothing out here."

"Fine, I see two coming up the ramp down there at the end."

"Hi-ya, sweetheart, how about it?"

"Wait a minute, the one has buck teeth. Think we ought to take a chance?"

"Turn around, which do you want, the blonde."

"Yeah, let's pick 'em up. See if a cop is around."

"Climb in baby and take a spin." Clang-clang. "We're off."

"What was that whistle. There it is again."

A cop pulls serenely up alongside and slaps a ticket on the old rattletrap.

Well, what's a fine of \$52.50. Charge it to experience.

Need we say that they were frosh and need we say that Trafford must be the Police Commissioner. That's Bethlehem for you.



"If this is chicken," complained the diner-out, "I'm a fool."

"Quite right, sir," said the waiter amiably; "It is chicken."

MEETING

Scene: Mannerchor. All members are present for fear of what will be said behind their backs.

Pres. "Any ree-ports this evening?"

First governor. "I move the reading of the minutes be dispensed with."

Pres. (with gavel) "Carried (bing) Secretary, please read the minutes."

Sec. (reading) "Meeting called to order in the ladies parlor of the Mannerchor on the-----"

2nd gov. "How many vacancies have we?"

Everybody. "It's three, isn't it? Two besides the permanent vacancy we keep for some Big Shot like Babe Ruth."

Sec.-(still reading) "Those present Smith, Brown Jones,-----"

1st Gov. "I wish to propose a candidate."

Pres. "Governors can't propose candidates (bing) who is he?"

Everybody. "Do you know him?"

1st Gov. "No."

2nd Gov. "I am beginning to like this candidate."

Sec. (still reading)—"The cash on hand at the end of the month excluding bills paid was——"

Treas. "I object. No one ever knew how much money was in this club since its formation. Ask Grand-pa."

Grand-pa of the club. "That's right. It's in the Constitution."

Pres. "All those in favor of abolishing the Constitution say 'Aye' (bing). The Ayes seem to have it, the Constitution is abolished."

Sec. (still reading) "The entertainment committee reported——"

1st Gov. "Who cares about that? It is bound to be lousy anyway. Let's elect somebody."

2nd Gov. "No, let's throw somebody out first. It gives us more vacancies."

Pres. "Secretary, who's done something they ought to be thrown out for?"

Sec. "Well, I wrote eight members asking for their dues and three of them resigned. As yet I haven't heard from the other five."

2nd Gov. "Move the resignations be accepted with regret."

Everybody. "What do you mean 'regret?' Fine them a hundred dollars and expel them."

Pres. (bing) "Carried. That gives us six places to fill."

1st Gov. "How about my man."

2nd Gov. "Move he be placed on the preferred list—permanently."

Sec. (Who has been reading steadily since the beginning) "Then the meeting stood adjourned. Say, this candidate hasn't been seconded yet."

3rd Gov. (rising) "Sorry, but I have to go now. I just want to make a kick. I had a candidate up and one of the directors told me that he had been elected. So I told the man that he was in. Now the secretary says that he wasn't. What can I do?"

Treas. "Sorry, but you can't work the old stall, dearie."

Everybody. "Certainly not, put his baby on the black list."

1st Gov. (virtuously) "I didn't try that trick for my man, and I haven't said that he would be any good at the convention, cause he wouldn't be."

Pres. (musingly) "That's a big point in his favor."

2nd Gov. "And he never puts salt in his beer."

Pres. "A boy like that ought to be elected (bing). He is elected—unanimously. Any more business."

2nd Gov. "What are we going to do about the five who didn't answer our letter?"

1st Gov. "I move they be fired."

2nd Gov. "I think that is a little rough. They are old members; they have been in the club for years. We ought to fire somebody new."

Treas. "I move we fire the first governor's man."

Pres. "Motion carried. Meeting adjourned."

—BURR—

He broke her heart; and she, incidently, his bank account.

—BURR—

Indulgent mother: And now, children, I'll tell you a story about the fairies.

Modern children: Ah, Mother!--you told us about the Theta Delts last night!--tell us about the traveling salesman tonight.

—BURR—

You know, I think that that sleight-of-hand artist uses underhand methods!

—BURR—

So he's a member of the up-lift movement?

Yeh, he just got a job as an elevator operator.

—BURR—

Oh Mrs. Pennybottom! Horseback riding is so broadening!

—BURR—

His car always had a "miss" in it,--that's why it was parked so often.

DOUGH, DO, DOZE

A Treatise on Technocracy by one who knows nothing

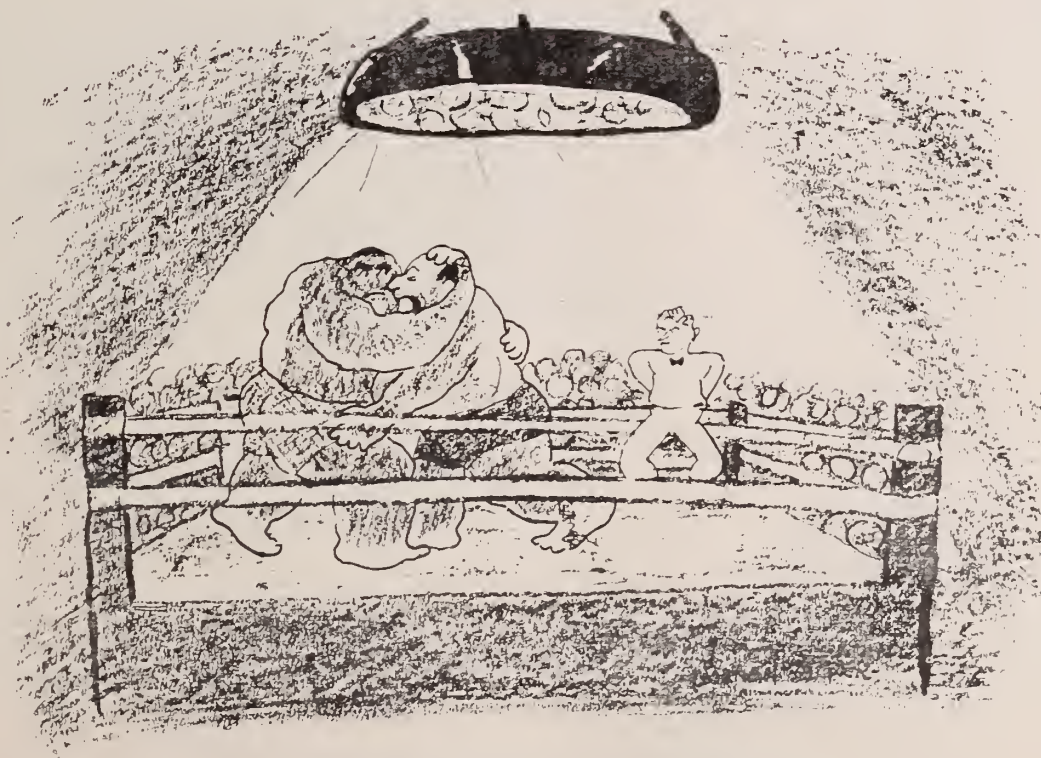
With the odd and sensational birth of a new form of well-ground baloney, it is only fitting and proper at this most critical point in the history of our fair burg for some moron to connect up the needs of technocracy with our native life.

From the days of the anthropoid apes students have strived, almost in vain, to make the proper connection between the machine and the weaker sex. Man after man has been most unsuccessful, until in far distant Bethlehem our own beloved autocrat became the Traffordcrat and finally gave the local babes a break.

Now let us carefully analyze a most precarious situation. Machinery makes money; girls running machines make money; machinery builds bridges; political machinery closes bridges. Thus has Professor Fred done away with the utility of the machine. He has thus built up a strong system and reinstated us to our amateur standing.

Our lives, due to this sexnocracy, have been narrowed to the broad, and we all have been subjects of this new theory for a much longer time than most true technocrats can possibly imagine. We are ahead of the times! Let us stay ahead of the times! Now, as the era of technocracy has arrived, it is a due date for Bethlehem to once again forge ahead and establish the new theory of alconocracy. Thus all of us may gain what we have lost by developing a swell case of the jitters and the D. T.'s under the fundamental precepts of this new theory. Therefore, we can once again adhere to our national constitution and be guided in the quest for life, liberty and the pursuit of beer. Pickle us when we die; so that we may all carry on the most sacred traditions of our college days by continuing to be loyal to our dreams of the human feminine machine.

Do you get the point of this editorial? If you do, save the editors in their anxiety, by phoning them at Rittersville and kindly explaining it to them.



WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN, WILLIE

Looking Around

BY WALTER WINDSHIELD

What! Back again?

* * *

Realizing that Lehigh's greatest need is someone to satirize personalities and customs in and around Lehigh, Walter and his corps of snoopers returns to bless (?) the issue to our Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors.

* * *

In addition to the Horsie-Mary Lou combination of last season, there seems to be a persistent rumor about that another Fiji is tottering on the well-known brink of disaster,—matrimony.

* * *

Heard an interesting story about the son of none other than Aimee Semple McPherson, the evangelist with an appeal. It appears that about ten years ago friend McPherson's offspring was preparing for the pulpit at Lehigh. Along with his activities as a Kanaly-sprinter (get it?) McPherson would lock himself in some attic to practice his sermons. The trouble was that the neighbors constantly were telling him to go, against which he was warning his unseen audience.

* * *

Robert (Jack-in-the-box) Jackson complains of annoying Sunday afternoon calls from the Cedar Crest morgue. Carloads of eligible femininity storm the Sigma Phi house for the bashful hero, but, so far, his will-power is only exceeded by his eccentric kangaroo walk.

* * *

Here's a Scotch story on one of the hill Greeks. Registered for a room at a local overnight inn. Next morning clerk notifies him that room rent included the room until 6 p. m. Our Greco-Scotch hero retires to his room, to get the full benefit of his stay!

Tau Bete Laschober's popularity (?) with his fellow engineers arises from the fact that he seems to enjoy diverting class lectures to some of his assinine questionings.

* * *

The cut in last issue with the lad and lassie plus a cocktail shaker and the caption: "Burr Special?" was not groundless. Lehigh supporter, Morris, has featured the following concoction as a Burr Special: Fizz water, powdered sugar, egg, cinnamon, and giggle-juice.

* * *

Fritz Bavington, Sigma Chi's sweetheart, receives innumerable Western Union messages at 4 a. m. Sunday mornings from his many fans. The little trick seems to be quite popular, girls, so call him up sometime. Phone: 705.

* * *

Tales of summer Bethlehem talent home from the various more exclusive women's institutions always have influenced many of the fun loving Lehighites to catch up on their balance sheets during the summer session. They often do not catch up on their hours, but a rousing good time is usually had. Already advance rumors have it that quite a few of our social hounds are planning to picnic this summer in the Lehigh Valley during July and August.

* * *

The Pi Lambda Phis have a "Happy Hunting Ground" at the dead end of East Market Street. The numerous secretly parked lovers (oh, yeah?) have the protection of some stalwart guardian of the law. I calls **that** service!

* * *

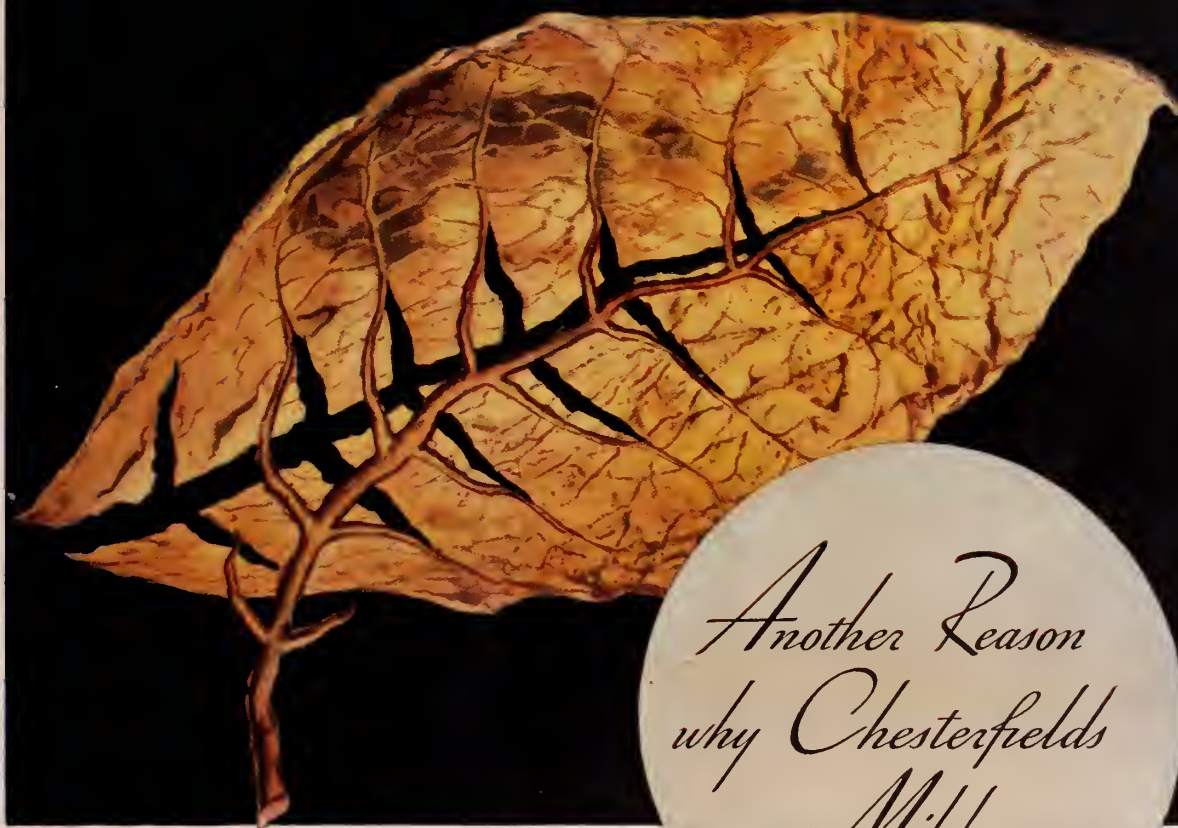
The capricious Mickey has a Side Car that will put anyone on the right track!

* * *

If I succeed in eluding both the sheriff and would-be assassins, I'll remain, your Bethlehem correspondent,

WALTER WINDSHIELD.

Why do we throw away
27% of this Leaf ?



*Another Reason
why Chesterfields
are Milder—*

A LEAF of Bright Tobacco or of Kentucky Burley Tobacco has in it about 27% in weight of stem.

The stem is woody. It does not contain the same ingredients as the tobacco. It does not burn like tobacco.

There would be necessarily a sort of rankness or bitterness about the smoke from the stem. This 27% in weight of stem, therefore, is removed before the leaf tobacco is used in Chesterfields.

Everything is done that can be done to make Chesterfield milder and taste better.



AN EPIC

Here's the story of Dick the Dope,
A legend of old Lehigh.
Around the valley on Ghostly nights,
One hears his eerie cry.

This Dick was smart, and very bright,
A studious engineer.
But he took to the art of doping,
And lost a great career.
For those poor souls who start to roll
Down the steep incline of the gutter
Will not get aid from such a maid
As the one that made Dick lov'er.
From bad to worse our Dick did go
At a pace very hard to follow.
For company, when on a spree,
He found an ermine collar.
Together they both drank up the hops
This Keystone state produced
And all went well and all was swell
'Till by another he was seduced.
The girl that he'd scorned had immediately sworn
To get her revenge or to hell.
So on that last night, as he bid her goodnite,
She pretended to take it well.
She asked at the door that he'd kiss her once more
And I must say he did well by Nell.
She there in the dark plunged the knife thru his heart
And sent him headlong into hell.

GOODNIGHT, DEAR READER. PLEASANT
DREAMS

—BURR—

I've invented a new divers suit.
Underwater apparel?
In this suit a guy can stay under water for three
years.

How foolish!
It ain't foolish.
What good's a suit like that?
They'll be able ta take a sardine census now!

—BURR—

"It was certainly kind of you to take me away
from that horrid studio party, Mr. Jones, but this
taxi is terribly cold to ride home in!"

"Can I do anything to make you more com-
fortable, Miss Nobak?"

"Well,—er—a little lovin' might help."

"I can't get you a little oven, Miss Nobak, but
I'll get you an oil heater right away."

Universities are supposed to "mould" men, who,
generally speaking, are frequently "plastered".

—BURR—

Her—Why down in the dumps?

He—Oh, I'm all up in the air.

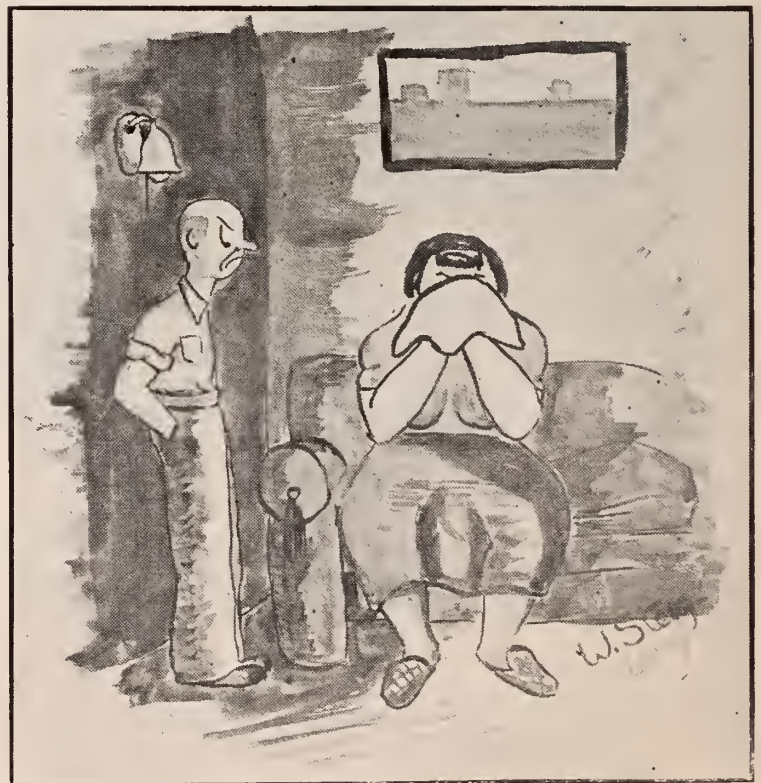
She—Yeah? Well, on the level what is it all
about?

He—Just this. I've used the proper soaps for
bathing, keep my teeth okay with the proper tooth-
paste, my breath in order with the right gargles and
shave with the shaving cream that would make a
rhinoceros's face kissable, but though I've searched
through every known magazine I haven't found a
single ad of anything to correct the condition of my
pocketbook, and that is the only attraction for the
Bethlehem women anyway.

Smack. Ouch!

—BURR—

He came to college to acquire "polish", but the
only thing that he succeeded in "polishing off" was
a pint of "this", and a half pint of "that",----etc.



**"BOO HOO! FREUD SAYS MY LIBIDO IS
FRUSTRATED!"**

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON (a la New Yorker)

Cynthia sat by the window. Cynthia was thinking. "When will Seymour return from golf," she thought, although she knew that she didn't give a damn, for what was it to her whether Seymour ever came back. Seymour, you should know, was Cynthia's husband through no fault of his own—purely accidental.

The door burst open and in rushed Sey (Cynthia's pet name for Seymour). "Hello! Cyn," cried Sey. "Hello! Sey," said Cyn (Cynthia to you). Cyn again—"Have a nice swim?" Sey nodded his head rather unenthusiastically and informed Cyn that the Throckmittens would soon be over for a bit of a bull session. Cyn, knowing what bores those Throckmittens could be at times, threw up her hands, murmured "Oh hell," and stomped out of the room in a huff.

An hour passes—In walk Joe and Susie Throckmitten, positively all aglow from the snappy fall air. Greetings are exchanged, coats are offed, and the four are seated. After the customary high tension atmosphere of the living room had lifted, Cyn found herself in a very enjoyable conversation with Joe—all about the secret sex life of the giant octopus, a subject of which she never tired, for it had interested her ever since she could walk, and really Joe knew so much about it. She was so engrossed in this subject that she completely forgot about the passage of time; so before she knew it the clock struck eight.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "it's eight o'clock." Murmurs of "Yes, so it is" and "Goodness" arose. "Do let's have just a snack," said Cyn. More murmurs of "Yes let's" and "That would be too divine" arose. So they snacked, and finished, and good-bye.

As Cyn and Sey were getting ready for bed, Sey asked "Did you enjoy yourself, dear?" "Yes," replied Cyn, "they really are such wonderful people." They got into bed and turned out the light—the Throckmittens in their humble abode turned out their light.

An hour passes—Joe and Susie Throckmitten, Cyn and Sey sleep peacefully. It had been such a delightful Sunday afternoon.

—BURR—

That missing link reported to have been discovered by a southern professor only turned out to be the missing link from a chain gang.

—BURR—

Said the operatic soprano as she stepped to the stage for the last act, "I get a big trill out of this!"

E.E. Instructor: I was discussing this circuit with the young fellow who turned it in. He certainly is a joke.

E.E. Professor: Dot's no choke. Dot's impedance.

E.E. Instructor: All right—impudence, then.

—BURR—

Duke: Can't you keep the light in your pipe any longer than that?

Deke: Naw. It's always goin' out.

Duke: You ought to have a pipe like mine. It keeps right on burning until the bitter end!

—BURR—

Frater: Yes, yes it's good to be back in school again. Time to get to work.

Freighter: And by the smell of things I see that you really are back on the bowl.

—BURR—

Ethyl: May I light a match?

Attendant: Yes, but you can't scratch it on my stern!

Ethyl: Oh, that's all right! I wont hold it against you.

—BURR—

IVAN STRATEWHISKI

(A Sibilant, Syblyne, Siberian, Novelette)

It was a dark and dirty night, right in the midst of Siberia. The winter wind was cold and blew. Snow was falling and it was hailing taxi cabs, but there were no other indications of the failure of Technocracy.

In the impenetrable blackness was almost (but not quite) visible the solitary figure of Ivan Stratewhiski, now poor and reduced to the necessity of shoveling snow off the steppe for a living.

Approaching a nearby signpost, he lit the first safety match he produced from the box. 'Twas indeed true that Ivan was no ordinary man. He held the match up and read:

Tbn Hcwouwsnitch Gugliski

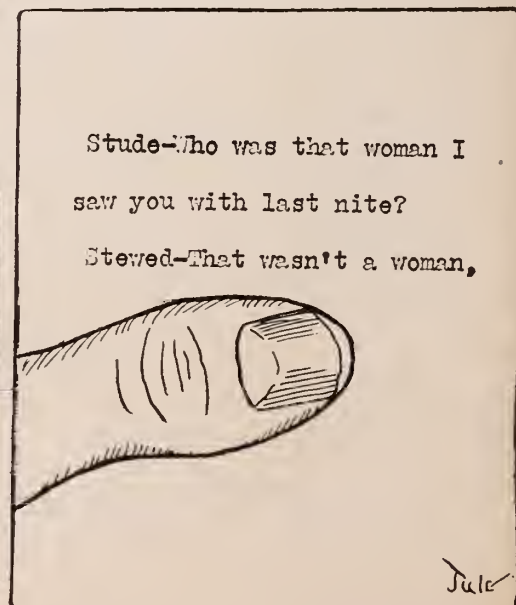
Prmzzwik ib Yotkosk Tsili

KOPEK SAMOVAR VODKA 2BITS

"Aha," said Ivan Stratewhiski, "that's just what I thought. My seventh wife, Little Bimboff, is selling beerski in Bjikikifsnitch again." So he jumped into his nifty red-top gooloshes, and rushed off to Bjikikifsnitch, where he silently sunk up to the door of the one room shack that was her'n, and threw it wide open. Then a shout burst from his lips:

"Ah, Little Bimboff, I have found you out!"

There was no answer. He had found her out.



"Father, are generals brave men?"

"Yes, my son, as a rule."

"Then why do artists always paint them standing on a hill three miles away, looking at the battle through a telescope."

—BURR—

Those benign residents of the Nawth side proudly refer to our super-viaduct as the Hill to Hell Bridge.

—BURR—

Business Man: According to the paper, out in the west some of the towns are using wooden money.

Engineer: That's right. If they brought it here it wooden work.

—BURR—

Jim—"What did you do with that old typewriter of yours?"

Jam—"Oh, I married her."

And there's the story concerning a Chepachet clergyman, who, at dinner, had to listen to a talkative young man, who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of the Species."

"I can't see," bawled the young whippersnapper, "what difference it would make to me if my grandfather was an ape."

"No," skirmished the clergyman, "I can't see that it would. But it must have made a great difference to your grandmother."

—Brown Jug.

—BURR—

Passionate Pedro—"Ah, senorita, you are divine! I loff you! I weesh your embrace! Geef me your keess!"

Fair Tourist (blushing)—"There's no need — my apartment is never locked."

—Froth.



**"WHAT ARE YOU RUSSIAN FOR?" QUERRIED QUINCY.
"IT'S AN OLD MUSCOVITE COSTUME," SNAPPED IVAN.
A COUPLE of FAST FURROWS in WOOD by that ANCIENT PLOWMAN HÖRL**



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dorothy Nix

Dear Miss Nix:

I have been keeping company with the handsomest young man! He is awfully sweet to me, and it isn't him that I am worried about; it is myself. At his very touch, I have the strangest sensations stealing over me, and I get terribly excited; so much so, that his kisses leave me absolutely breathless. This, as you can well imagine, causes me no little worry. Help me please.

Devoted.

Answer: Well, deary, I'd like to help you, but you know how busy I am these days. My advice is that you improve your wind. Practice holding your head under water for two minutes at a time. You can't expect to last these long, gum-swapping clinches out unless you train a little! If that doesn't work, try breathing through your nose.

D. Nix.
—Cajoler.

—BURR—

Waiter: "And what about the crab, lady?"

Lady: "He'll order for himself."

—Kitty-Kat.

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He: "They tell me the Colonel is a Sexagenarian."

She: "The old fool! And at his age, too!"

—Ski-u-Mah.

—BURR—

He knocked at the door of my room.

"May I come in? it's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

"Yes, sir." He said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half clothed.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story!"

—Kitty-Kat.

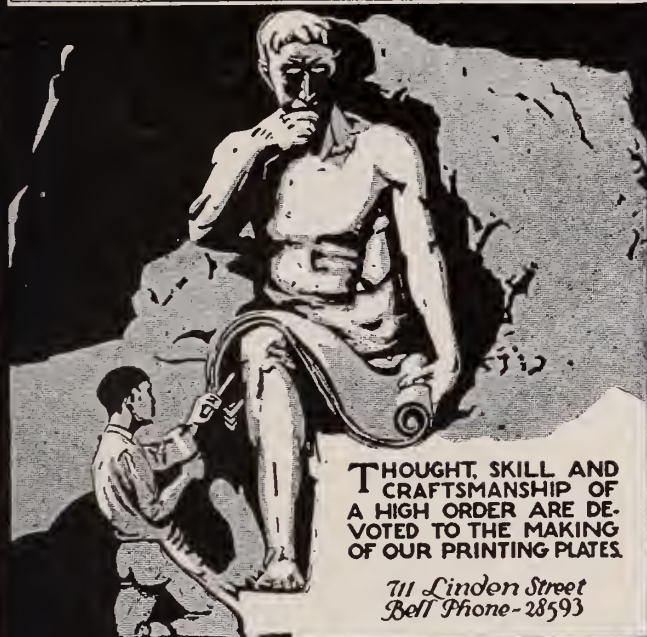
—BURR—

Judge: "Remember, anything you say will be held against you."

Prisoner: "Greta Garbo."

—Masquerader.

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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

Dearest Hortense, wrote Budd, hopelessly in love,
I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from
your dear eyes. I would walk thru a wall of flame
for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the
widest stream in the world for a word from your
lovely lips.

As always,

Budd.

P.S. I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain.

—Medley.

—BURR—

And then one day she turned and saw that he
was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No—
he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked
at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and
laughed.

"Just as I thought," he said, "You look like a
chipmunk."

—Froth.

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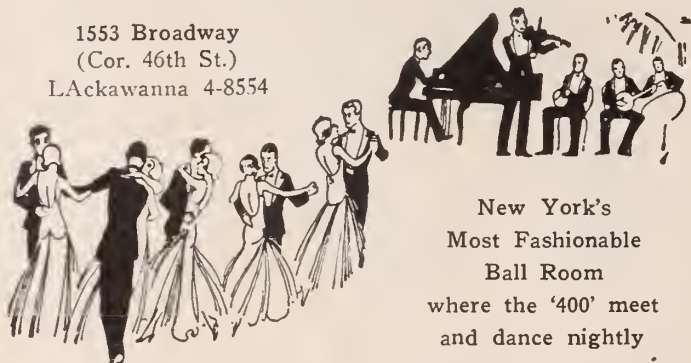
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MASS MEETING

A Tech Greek addressed a letter to a pledge of another fraternity pointing out that he understood the second fellow had been taking his engaged girl out. He requested that the offender call at his boarding house and talk the matter over. Two days later he received this reply: "Received your circular letter. Will be at the meeting."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—BURR—

Salesman—"Do you wear a nightgown or pajamas?"

Young Lady—"No."

Salesman—"My name is Thomas. Joe Thomas."
—Lyre.

—BURR—

Usher (to crowd)—Only a few single seats left, no others. Anybody want a single? Come on, speak up, just a few.

Perfect silence.

Usher: What the hell, aren't some of you married?

—Sun Dial.

Three's a crowd; and there were three,
He, the lamp and lovely she.
Two is company, and no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out.

—Skipper.

—BURR—

The young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service. He stumbled across one of them and the following words slipped out: "The Little Mother's League will hold their weekly meeting this afternoon. All those who wish to become Little Mothers please see me in the rectory."

—Princeton Tiger.

—BURR—

"I want justice!" shouted the man who was being tried. "I demand justice!"

"Silence," commanded the judge. "Remember—you are in a courtroom."

—Malteaser.

—BURR—

Noah—"Hey, Friday, get below and see that those adders don't multiply."

—Brown Jug.

Gish—Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?

Pop—Bring your wife around, and I'll see.

—Annapolis Log.

—BURR—

"How's business?"

"Remarkable."

"Yes?"

"Any business would be remarkable."

—Carolinian.

—BURR—

"Mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Mamma—Daddy isn't like other men, is he mamma?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Because he just got tired waiting for the elevator, and went down the shaft without one.

—Panther.

—BURR—

Professor: "Give a good conductor of electricity."

Frosh: "Why - er — — —"

Prof: "Correct."

—Lyre.

—BURR—

Dim: "Did you know that they don't use plaster in China?"

Wit: "No, why not?"

Dim: "Because they fill the Chinks with rice."

—Lyre.

—BURR—

One—Quick, give me a nickel."

Two—"What's the big hurry?"

One—Will you give me a nickel?"

—Cornell Widow.

—BURR—

Get something in your eye?

No. I'm just trying to look through my thumb.

—The Skipper.



THE STORY JUST BEGINS

We met upon the bridge.
She smiled, and spoke my name
With ease and confidence;
That she had learned my name
Did not impel my thoughts
To question how she knew.
I should have pondered long,
But impulse heeded not
My wisdom. I spoke too.

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Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet?
Servant: Yes, ma'am. You can come in now.
—Skipper.

—BURR—

"De man in room seven has done hang hisself!"
"Hanged himself? Did you cut him down?"
"No sah! He ain't dead yet."

—Outlaw.

—BURR—

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with,"
said the cat as she rescued her offspring from the
violin factory.

—Kansas Sour Owl.

Jane: I want a shorter skirt than the one you
showed me.

Clerk: This is the shortest we have. Have you
tried the collar department?

—Claw.

—BURR—

Obstretician—"See here, King Solomon, when do
I get my two weeks' vacation."

—Dirge.

—BURR—

"I wish I lived in Sweden—divorces are almost
unknown there."

"Perfectly natural, my dear fellow—the land of
the safety matches— isn't it?"

WHAT WOULD YOU TALK ABOUT IN A HAREM?



**Do You Know the Inside
Story of:
Technocracy?
Communism?
Socialism?
Nudist Colonies?
The Prdrwiski Revolt?**

BY DOG-TEAM AND BY RUNNER, BY AIRPLANE AND BY TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE, HAVE COME TO THE BURR TALES OF NEW AND SECRET POLITICAL MOVEMENTS. AFTER MONTHS OF INTENSIVE INVESTIGATION BY A STAFF OF WORLD-FAMED POLITICAL OBSERVERS THE EDITORS OF THE BURR ARE READY TO RELEASE TO ITS WAITING PUBLIC THE INSIDE STORIES, THE SECRETS OF THE UNRECORDED ARCHIVES, IN BRIEF, THE UNTARNISHED **TRUTH!**

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SOVIET RUSSIA IS LAID BARE TO THE UNTRAVELLED TRAVELLER!

FROM THE STEPPES OF VALKIMIR TO THE VULGAR VOLGA COME REPORTS OF STALIN, MAN OF STEEL . . . and he has at last been interviewed by the BURR'S foreign correspondent, Norman Alper, who in a concise, easily digested article relates his interviews with Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin . . . all MEN OF DESTINY.

DON'T MUFF IT . . .

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Shake hands with the tab collar shirt..the style hit of the season

Give the Prince of Wales credit if you want. He was the one who first adopted the tab collar shirt. But don't forget it was the college campus that took the style up and made it as popular as an All-American style.

Colleges can make or break a style. Thumbs down on a style by college men—then it's good-bye style. Thumbs up—and a new style gets its start.

It makes us proud that college men have put an enthusiastic "thumbs up" on Arrow's tab collar shirt—the Aratab. We put a lot into that shirt. We gave it the tailoring that is usually found only in custom shirts. And into

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